

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer

Here.

BY OLIVE E. DAVIS.
A small boy, a sturdy, sailor stand—
Dearer than any Alpine height—
With some new speech of flame each night.
I have not learned the story through—
Of all our changes—have you?—
Her fragile, long for bloom and winging.
With rustling leaf and glowing wing.

I can see them all—
The green ones over meadow lands,
The birds' nests, or plains, or paths, or call—
And all the summer's scenes—
To bring the gladness of his days.
To bring the gladness of his days.

For sun, I see, brings to their bloom,
Their songs, their prouesses, their perfume,
The autumn gales I wait,
The winter's snows I gaze,
Or harvest days I anticipate.

For the Maine Farmer

Daises.

BY HANNAH M. WHEELER.
Fair and golden-haired,
Furrowed with bright,
Sisterly parted, *Madeline*.

Evening's coming,
Dusk and rain and clouds,
With a little care.

Like to one bewailed,
Through thy make we go;
Blossoms as dried.

Pines as dried.

And your cheerful faces,
Left to me.

Sparks in their beauty,
To be left.

At noon or drey, or
Those still as still;

With a little care.

Those earth-borne, bright,

Than these earth-borne, daisies,

Daisies, and dried.

Rosy June, June 2000.

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